

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

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SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the race during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They agree to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness. On recovery, at his hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits Jessica. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle. Stanton and Floyd meet again and talk business. They agree to operate automobile factory as partners. Floyd becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle. Stanton again visits Jessica, and they become fast friends. Stanton becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle. Just before important race tires needed for Stanton's car are delayed. Floyd traces the tires and brings them to camp. During race Stanton deliberately wrecks his car to save machine in track. Stanton and Floyd thrown out and lose consciousness. Two weeks later Stanton awakes, and believes Floyd dead.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"There is nothing at all singular in my being here, Mr. Stanton," she stated. In her cool, indolent voice. "Because I ascertained by telephone when you intended to leave the hospital, and so arranged to meet you on the train. Tomorrow I start for Europe, to remain for a long time, and it was necessary for me to speak with you first. I am sorry to see that you have been frightfully ill."

"You are too good," he answered, the old antagonism stirring him strongly. "As you observe, I was not fortunate enough to finish myself completely in the late wreck."

"One sometimes feels like that," she coincided, passing one small gloved hand across the soft fur of her muff. "I have wished for the finish, here lately, for my part. You probably did not know that I was engaged to marry Archer Ross, of the Atlanta Automobile Company?"

Stanton sat erect. All Floyd's suspicions of this girl rushed back to his mind.

"Yes," she confirmed the thought in his expression. "What you are imagining is quite correct. I tried very hard to induce you to drive for the Atlanta Company instead of for the Mercury. The Atlanta absolutely required a good racing record. But I failed. You were more than firm in your decision."

So that had been what she wanted of him. That had lain behind her polished surface of gracious admiration and had been the core of her insincerity.

"And when I would not drive for your company, you tried to prevent me from driving for my own?" He wondered incredulously.

She looked at him, and looked away again.

"I fancy you would scarcely credit me, Mr. Stanton, if I denied the fact, now. I have been very clumsy; a society woman is not trained to practical melodrama. You are unbelievably difficult to lead."

Her flawless self-possession gave an effect of unreality to the whole affair. Stanton felt a vertigo of the mind.

"You had that purpose in view when you first spoke to me at the Beach twenty-four hour race?" he questioned. "You hoped to induce me to wreck my car by fast driving, in order to leave the Atlanta a better chance of winning?"

"Oh, no!" she deprecated. "I never tried to cause your wreck—what can you think me? No, that was merely an impulsive experiment; I wanted to see if you would do as I wished. Some men have done so."

"Are you going to tell me that you dragged me to Lowell, on the eve of the road race?"

"Brugged you? That is a harsher description than I ever gave the incident in my own mind. But I poured into your coffee what Archer Ross had given me for that purpose. He said it would not harm you, only prevent you from driving next morning; he had been betting heavily on his car. But you raced, after all, ill as you must have been. I never imagined you would take such a risk, or I should have refused the responsibility. I disliked the task, anyhow. To be frank, I was horribly frightened when I saw you on the course, and when the report of your accident came in, I felt guilty of assassination."

He looked at her, at her ivory-and-gold beauty, her composed ease, his own face coldly emotionless. It did not matter, nothing mattered, now. But yet he read that behind that apparent ease of hers heaved a sea of stormy thoughts; as always, her speech was no guide to his mind.

"I suppose, then, that you would

not have been distressed if I had broken my arm when I cranked your car after driving you home from New York," he commented.

Her color changed for the first time, her eyes flashed to his.

"You angered me," she retorted. "You brutally told me that you had not raced at the Beach, to please me, nor would you do so. You were supercilious, no man had ever treated me that way before. For one instant I did hate and long to hurt you; I pushed up the spark as you cranked. The next moment I would have undone it if I could."

There was a pause, as the train halted at a station, and the usual flurry of egress and ingress ensued. When the start was made:

"Why are you telling me this?" Stanton asked. "I am not considered especially amiable and forgiving, as a rule; why chance unnecessary confession?"

"No," her lip bent in a faint smile that was not mirthful. "But you are too masculine to retaliate upon a woman. I am not much afraid, although I find myself forced to depend upon your indulgence. A net was spread for the feet of the wicked by some one more acute, or less indifferent, than the Mercury's driver. You—mechanician set a private detective at the task of following and guarding you until after the Cup race; fearing treachery, I suppose, would be used to prevent your driving. You are surprised?"

He saw the crowded railway station, on the morning of the return from Indianapolis, and Floyd's vivid, anxious face turned to him in the artificial light. He heard the fresh young voice: "If you won't take care of yourself, Stanton—"

"There was no need, Mr. Stanton. I had no idea of interfering with you personally. But the thing was done, and overdone. The man hired to play detective was not honest; he exceeded his mission of protection and went on to investigation for his own profit. If I am telling you this, it is because you would soon hear the story from him, anyhow, and because I want you to silence him. He has offered me his silence for a price, but I do not choose to yield to a blackmail which, once commenced, would never end. I prefer to ask shelter of your chivalry."

"I will silence him," he gave cold assurance.

"You are very good. It is not the least of my humiliations to know that you could deal me nothing more contemptuous than your forbearance." She hesitated. "There is one thing more; I would like to ask whether your recent accident was in any way caused by the late arrival of the tires for your machine."

"You did that?"

"Yes, I did that. I had the express car misdirected before it left my father's factory in Chicago. I knew your car could not race on bare rims." Stanton turned to the window. So she was responsible for the last harshness he had shown Floyd; since their misunderstanding could never have arisen if the mechanic had not been absent on the trip to Coney Island. His sudden nausea of loathing for her made calm reply difficult.

"The lost tires had nothing to do with the accident," he explained carefully. "If you have quite finished, Miss Carlisle, I will change to another seat."

"It is I who am going. I am glad that the wreck and alteration in you are not my fault. It may interest you to learn that Archer Ross broke his engagement to me last week, to marry a chorus girl."

He looked at her, then.

"Yes," she agreed. "Dramatic punishment, is it not? You can regale Miss Floyd with the tale. You are on your way to her, of course."

"Miss Carlisle!"

She rose, drawing around her the heavy folds of velvet. He saw now the faint lines about her delicate mouth and the new hardness of her tawny eyes. She had suffered, was suffering also.

"Congratulations from me, Mr.

Stanton. At least she has known a man, whatever it has cost her."

Yes, Floyd had played a man's part. Whatever the anguish of losing him, it was a matter of congratulation, to have known him. It never occurred to Stanton that Valerie Carlisle might have meant him, himself.

It was afternoon when Stanton arrived in New York, among the snow-spinkled, hilarious crowds that thronged the streets. And then he first realized that this was the day before Christmas. Christmas? Holiday? With a vague impulse to escape! It all, he recalled a taxicab. A girl with her arms full of holly brushed past him as

he reached the curb, a man in uniform stopped him with a hastily recited plea for aid to the hungry poor. At him Stanton looked, and put a yellow bill in the outstretched hand.

"Sir!" the man cried, pursuing him with ready book and pencil. "What name? So generous—"

"Floyd," Stanton answered, and stepped into the vehicle.

The address he gave to the chauffeur was that of the quiet up-town apartment house.

The little old Irishwoman clad in black silk opened the door. He fancied she had aged, but on seeing him she broke into beaming smiles and ushered him in with eager welcome.

The girl who was like Floyd was standing in the firelit room. As Stanton paused on the threshold, she retreated against the window opposite, her fingers winding themselves hard into the draperies, her marvelous gray eyes wide and fevered. So they gazed at each other, dumb.

"You can not bear to see me?" Stanton first found voice. "I have no right to blame you—God knows I understand. Yet Floyd would tell you that it was not my fault. I did not throw away his life by recklessness."

She gazed at him still, yet it seemed to him that during a brief second consciousness had left her and returned, that now she looked at him differently, almost wildly.

"I have been near death, also," he resumed. "I have seen no newspapers, I do not know what they have told you. But the accident was pure accident; if he could have been here, Floyd would have borne me out in that. I have wantonly risked his life with mine at other times, then, no." Her sensitive face had changed, she, too, found speech.

"I never thought of blame," she protested unsteadily. "Never. You drove straight and best. You look so ill—"

He drew near her, long past conventionalities.

"I have been ill, I have now little strength to waste aside from my purpose. Jessica, I have come for you, as he once gave me leave to do. You have no one left, nor I. Will you marry me?"

Her fingers wound harder into the curtain, he saw the pulse beating in her round throat as she flung back her head with Floyd's own boyish movement.

"You love me?" she questioned, just audibly, grave eyes on his.

"I thought you knew. Yes."

She shook her head, her smile sad. "Mr. Ralph Stanton, or Jes Floyd's twin?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MUCH ADD ABOUT A PENNY

Sample of Extent to Which Red Tape Methods Prevail in Germany.

Germany, declares Mr. S. Baring-Gould in his book, "The Land of Teck," is absolutely swathed in red tape. In illustration, he tells an experience of his own while journeying by rail from Ober-Lenningen to Owen.

I asked at Ober-Lenningen for a third-class ticket to Owen, and supposing that I had got what I asked for, stepped into a third-class carriage. On these branch lines nearly everyone travels fourth. Before reaching the next station—only a mile from Ober-Lenningen, in fact—the inspector appeared. "Hah!" he said. "You have a fourth-class ticket, and are in a third-class compartment. The fine is six marks."

I explained, and offered at once to pass into a fourth-class carriage or pay the difference in the price of tickets.

"That will not do. You have infringed the law, and must pay six marks," the man insisted.

"I get out at Owen, and will explain matters to the station master," I said. I did so.

"The fine is six marks," said the official, peremptorily.

"But, said I, 'I demanded a third-class ticket, and was given one for which I had not asked. This was an oversight on the part of the clerk.'"

"You should have examined your ticket," the station master insisted.

The train was delayed five minutes while we thrashed out the question on the platform in great detail, and the other passengers craned their necks out of the windows of the carriages and listened with lively interest. At last, reluctantly, the station master yielded; but I must pay the difference.

"What is it?" I asked.

"One penny."

Bishop Blames His Hair.

Father William J. Dalton of the Annunciation church tells this story of a Catholic bishop well known in this locality, but at Father Dalton's request, nameless here:

"The bishop is a large man with bushy black hair," the priest relates. "He often on his tours through Kansas wears a silk hat. His crozier is carried in a large leather case."

"Recently in a jerkwater Kansas town where silk hats are scarce except on the heads of traveling musicians, the bishop was just alighting from his train when the negro porter appeared at the car door waving his crozier case."

"'Hey, boss!' the porter called. 'I reckon you all had better take yo' fiddle wit' you. De company is 'not 'sponsible fo' packages left in de seats.'—Kansas City Journal."

The Real Grievance.

Friend—You've got to admit there's nothing in Tripoli worth fighting for. Italian Diplomat—Certainly.

Friend—Then why do you want to keep on fighting?

Italian Diplomat—We've got to paw the Turks for giving us the impression that there was.—Satire.

Some New Styles in Hats for Fair Young Wearers



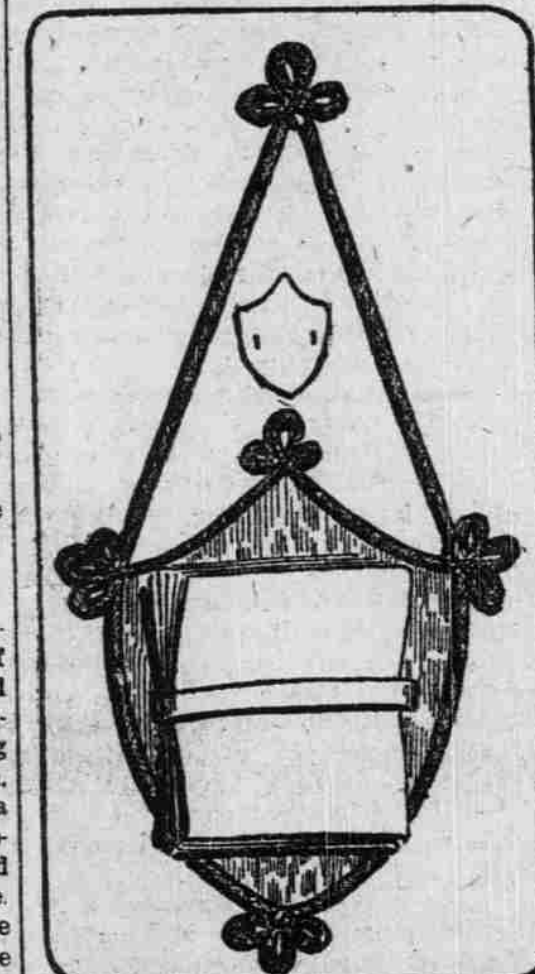
The sketch on the left shows a hat of white straw, veiled in shell-pink satin, with a draped crown of broderie Anglaise. To the right is a pretty shape in brown straw trimmed with cherries and ribbon.

VERY USEFUL AND PRETTY LATEST STYLE OF TEACLOTH

Shaving Paper Holder is Easily Made and Makes Tasty Decoration for Wall.

This is a wonderful little article to make for hanging upon the wall by the side of the dressing table or clinging upon the post of the looking glass.

In making it, a piece of stiff cardboard is cut out in the shape shown in the diagram on the right hand side of the sketch, and smoothly covered with some prettily colored



Shaving Paper Holder.

remnant of silk. The edge is ornamented with a silk cord of a fancy pattern, chosen in some contrasting shade of color and carried into the three little loops on either side and again at the top and base. A long loop of cord is attached to the upper part and serves to suspend it from a nail in the wall or the post of the glass.

The papers are held in their places by a broad band of elastic which is run through two slits cut on either side and the ends securely sewn together at the back. The position of these two slits is clearly indicated in the diagram on the right.

The little article would also be very useful for hanging upon the wall by the side of the writing table, and under those circumstances it would be handy for holding unused half-sheets of note paper, and they could easily be withdrawn, like the shaving papers, one by one, as they may be required.

Cleaning Curtains.

Many housewives own curtains of Arabian lace. They realize that a great amount of their beauty is lost after washing. The lovely ecru tint has disappeared, and to recolor them is not always satisfactory.

These curtains can be dry cleaned in the following manner:

Spread a sheet or two upon the floor and lay the curtains carefully on them. Mix two parts of boiled cornmeal with one of salt.

With a clean brush rub this mixture thoroughly through the curtains. Hang out of doors for a couple of hours and the curtains will be sweet and clean.

In this simple way they may be frequently cleaned. If the dust is not allowed to settle in them for any length of time, they will wear much longer.

Practical Violet Holder.

An extremely simple and practical rubber novelty comes in the shape of a bunch of violets and is designed for the protection of a gown when the natural flowers are worn.

It is made of green rubberized silk, the shade of the violet leaves and is outlined with a green wire. When worn it effectively prevents the penetration of any moisture to the gown.

The wire edge permits of shaping the holder to the bouquet proper and the latter is then attached to the corsage or wherever else desired.

Lovely Bits of Cluny and Insets of Fillet Work Seen in Table Linen.

Quite the latest teacloth shows a plain rather than a lace border. With the border is an Irish crochet insertion, the center of the cloth having a hand embroidered design. The linen is hand woven in the more expensive cloths.

Another has a heraldic design of lions in a heavy stitch, contrasting with fine hand-drawn work.

The usual size of these fine cloths is a yard and a quarter. The best workers are put on them, and the satiny effect of the embroidery on some, such as a shamrock, thistle and rose raised design, is produced by the mercerizing of the embroidery. The simple designs are as perfectly worked and cost much less, according to the Indianapolis News.

Lovely bits of cluny and insets of creamy fillet work were seen on another kind of table linen. There were much more elaborate designs, applied to deep, ivory toned tea cloths, round table covers and cushion covers. They are somewhat wanting in neatness and simplicity for good taste, but there is a demand for them.

LETTERING FOR THE LINEN

Many Old Designs and Shapes to Be Found by Delving in the Public Library.

I used to spend many pennies having monograms and initials stamped for embroidery, whites a contributor to Good Housekeeping. Now, when I wish to mark linen, I go to the public library and get a book on lettering. There are many old letters and unusual shapes that the embroidery stampers do not have to be found in these books. I traced them from the book on tissue paper, and at home marked through carbon paper on to the linen. There is a long, very thin letter that is especially pretty embroidered, and by overlapping the letters a little, and adding a few extra lines to join them together, I have made some fine monograms.

CHARMING COSTUME.



Model of champagne and darker chiffon with heavy silk embroidery.

Touch of Color on White.

The fashionable spring idea is the white costume with a touch of color. It sometimes comes in a border print or embroidery, again as a girdle or collar, or as a decorative button.

Sometimes the color is seen in the weave, a yarn of bright color intermingling with white.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 29

THE VICTORIES OF FAITH.

READING LESSON: Heb. 11:20-22. GOLDEN TEXT—"This is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith." I John 5:4.

The reading lessons for today are a New Testament commentary upon the past quarter's work. The first lesson is taken from that marvelous defense of Stephen the first martyr. As he traces the history of the people of Israel, he shows God's continued activities and purposes from the hour he called Abraham until the holy one of Israel came to fill to their fullness all of these same activities and purposes. Stephen also shows us that alongside God's activities was the equally persistent disobedience of the people which culminated in the betrayal and murder of that holy one. In the portion selected he sets before us how Joseph is sold into Egypt, yet God was with him and delivered him; how the famine came and Jacob is thereby brought into Egypt only later to be carried back into the land of promise. Teach Faith.

The second lesson is taken from that great catalogue of heroes as recorded in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Here we have set before us the fact that God's eternal purpose with man is ever that of faith. Isaac, Jacob and Joseph are here mentioned and the faith of each set before us.

Leaving out the Easter lesson we have covered a period of about 50 years, eight lessons dealing with Joseph, and four with Jacob.

Attention has been called to Joseph as one of the most remarkable types of Christ to be found in the Old Testament (see comments on lesson of April 27). As we have also suggested Jacob is not so grand a character as Abraham yet is much more like the average man.

It is interesting to go over these lessons and follow God's purposes and to observe how like Christ Joseph was.

In LESSON I we beheld Jacob at the instigation of his mother deceiving his poor old father and being compelled to fly that he might save his life. Rebekah thought she could execute God's purposes; but it is never right to do evil that good may result.

In LESSON II Jehovah appeared before this conscience smitten refugee and again promised that the blessing, yes, his own divine purpose, would be worked out in Jacob's life. This is a lesson on the grace of God.

LESSON III sets Jacob before us after twenty-one years' service and separation from his brother Esau. This is a great lesson on God's desire and transforming power. He transforms Jacob to Israel a "prince" and softens the heart of Esau. Faith overcame and is strengthened and confirmed.

In LESSON IV, we first beheld Joseph particularly loved and favored and as bitterly hated; he was thrown into a pit to die but is taken up (typical of the resurrection) and sold into slavery. The development of envy and the persistent, delivering purpose of God are here presented in strong contrast.

LESSON V shows Joseph's entering that dark maze beyond which God was to highly exalt him. By faith he overcame that fierce temptation and his treatment of his fellow prisoner was God's useful agency though it seemed accidental and insignificant.

God's Continued Purpose.

LESSON VI is the completion of Lesson V, and in it we see Joseph seated in the place of power, able to save the country and also his brethren.

LESSON VII shows us God's continued purpose and the beginning of the fulfillment of his word that the descendants of Abraham were to dwell in captivity (Gen. 15:13).

LESSON VIII is a continuation of Joseph's dealings with his brothers in which their guilty consciences are still further pricked and God reveals to us his immutable purpose.

LESSON IX is a tender one of the meeting of Joseph and Benjamin while at the same time it suggests to us the certainty of the fact that we may "be sure your sin will find you out." Unless covered by his forgiving blood our sin is mercilessly upon our track.

In LESSON X, we beheld Joseph made known to his brethren and those in fear are urged to draw near. Joseph's faith in God saved him from arrogance and retaliation and inclined his heart to tenderness and love in his feelings with his brothers. Even as Joseph revealed himself to his brothers so will Christ reveal himself. Joseph's provision for his fathers.

Spots on China.

The beauty of old china is often destroyed by brown spots which appear on the surface.

An effective way to remove these is to bury the dish in the earth, covering it completely.

The darker spots require more time to remove them than the lighter ones.

Remove Odor of Onions.

After peeling onions I always rub my hands well with celery or parsley. I find this very good to counteract the odor of the onions.—Exchange.